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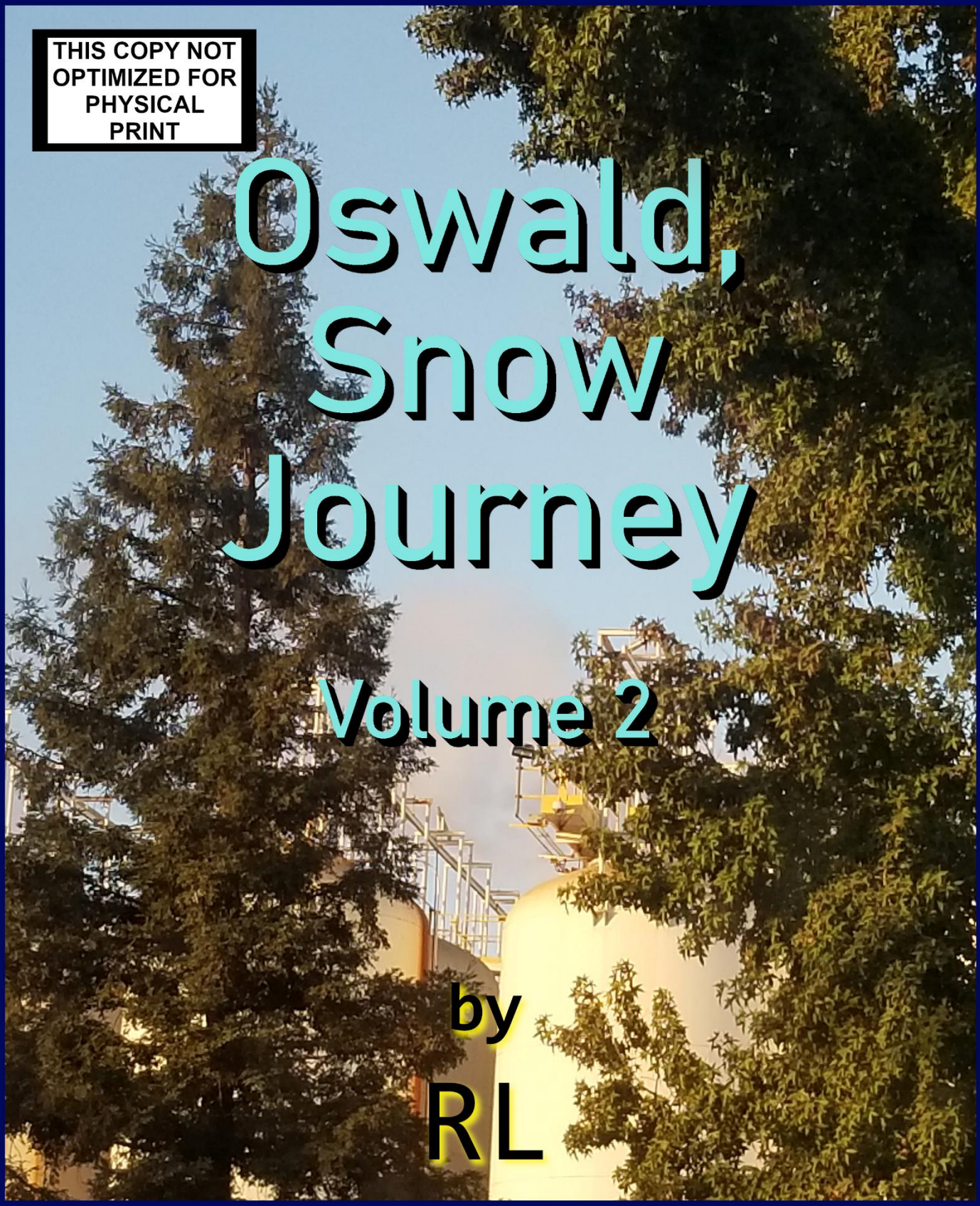
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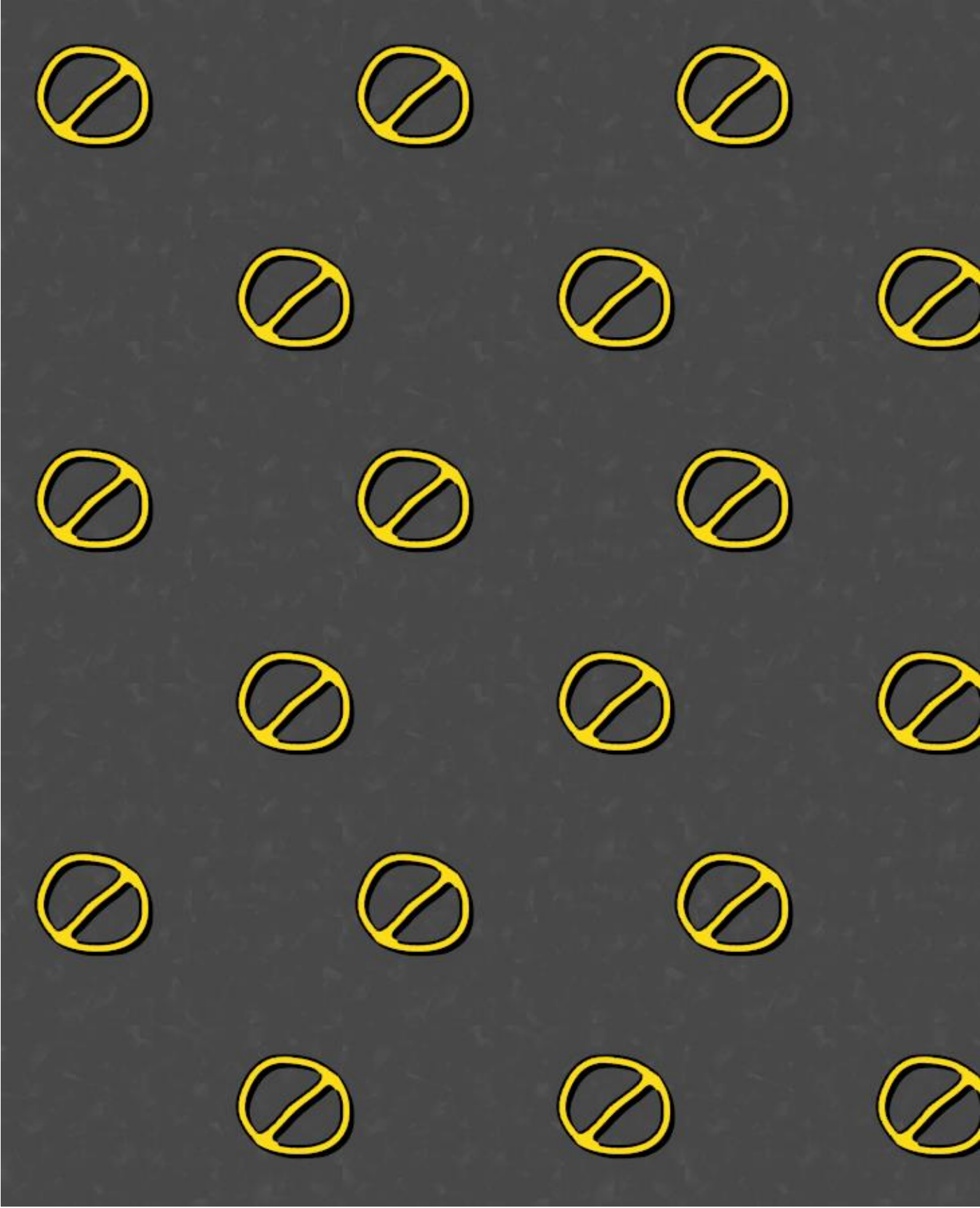
Oswald, Snow Journey
Volume 2
by
RL



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Published digitally in the United States of America

Oswald, Snow Journey

by

RL

Written September 2021 – July 2022

Volume 2

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If those who have sinned do not seek forgiveness, then they're just like me... walking corpses.

Zato=1

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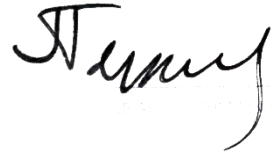
Prelude

The poems in this book were written from September 2021 to July 2022, at the end of high school and going into my sophomore year in college. All poetry within this book has been formatted so that stanzas start and end on the same page.

Oswald, Snow Journey continues with this volume characteristically containing poems that explore the topics of purpose, truth, the absolute meaning of life, and regret. Beginning the volume is a group of poems still carrying the fragrance of Volume 1's poem "Impossibly So" and its subsequent transition into "Choking", largely due to a key event changing my mood dramatically. Volumes in *Oswald, Snow Journey*, and I can assume this will not change for future works of poetry I write, begin or end when some large significant event happens in my life. The event may not have as big of an impact when all is said and done, but it is my way of segmenting off the books into digestible sections.

Sister poems are up in numbers, and it's because sometimes I feel like my thoughts are separated but not entirely distant, so I give them similar names and note it as something unique. The main series in Volume 1, "Oswald" and "Initiation", do not make any appearances here, which is still curious despite this volume having a much lower page count.

I tend to love the poetry I write the newer it is, but the more I understand about myself and the more I write, I just seem to grow more attached to the work and not the inspiration behind it. Turning life into poetry is just the beautiful process of taking the small memories of a thing, giving it more importance and meaning, and then creating a thing that is pretty and sometimes wholly unfamiliar to the source material. That's what's so great about the recent poems. In the midst of something appearing as all-consuming, I can later consume it, reading the essence of what I was in that moment.



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Sister Poems and Series

Sister poems indirectly cover similar topics in generally the same way, and series can include more than two poems and often are structured more in a way that makes their content tie in directly to other poems in the series.

Sister Poems

- “Birds of Paradise” *and* “Bats of Paradise”
- “Bullet Anomaly” *and* “Bullet Anomaly 2”
- “February 13” *and* “February 13 (Bonus Hours)

Series

- Trouble
    - “3 Yojimthredd Thirth”

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To the Unknown Phase

Doing whatever it make
Or may take to achieve

I must not forget this moment
This moment which will forever follow me

To the unknown phase
I thank you for our hypothetical conversations
I hold you close in my inner machinations
I feel the warmth around me as I lay to rest

To the unknown phase,
The endless days turn into endless nights
My hands stop shaking
I allow myself to be endlessly overjoyed
Your soft-celled nature
Soft spoken and forceful engagement

To the unknown phase
Thank you for the shocks and novelty
Thank you for the rock solid heart we share
Thank you for the duality of poison we share
Thank you for the noise that meets our union

To the unknown phase

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My hands betray me in freezing cold
My Savior shakes His head of gold, and silver finger
When I am finished with dinner
To be a wedding singer
I spiral downhill and die peaceful where the grass is greener
I do find it hard to believe tonight

To the unknown phase,
Your lover is an experience,
Doomed to be compressed
Into a little over 1 and a half gigabytes

Bermuda Triangle Type Stuff

Told my best friend
I feel me sick in the head
Unfulfilling is my current feeling
But everything feels so unbelievably good

The lengths I should go to
To protect myself
I just don't,
I don't protect myself

I recall one day in the past
I heard you laughing
I heard you living and enjoying life
You lied about it all to me
In the future, your future lies up its past
I thought you tried
Like I did.

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Now here I am
I'm a washing machine sandwich on man bread.
I wish I could spill my guts
In approximately four ways

I've never felt so hurt and in love
When I shouldn't feel either
If I had stayed steady away from my divider,
I wouldn't have such a pain in my right incisor.

Red Delicious

Nah
Worst possible fruit
Low in the ranks like banana
It's a choice of the either
But nobody likes none of neither, neither
Simply let someone else enjoy it
I will not have such mediocre food my way
How can you mess up apples?

I feel dull and dumb
Like how my teeth feel after a red delicious treat
To bite down on a sweet tree-grown meat
I feel neutral and a ways away

In my neutral state I should stay away
I always write about this type of stuff
From Christmas Eve to Labor Day
So I'll drop my terrible premonitions

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As I bite into a red and not quite delicious
Scar under my clothes

Blueberry Fingers

Always be presentable
In all times
Always
Be presentable at all times
In all occasions
In all times
Always be presentable in all circumstances
Always.

Make Your Own Blue

In the Canterbury blue
I hold my batons to whip myself in shape

My applegiator,
A word here meaning
A machine that drives energy
Deep into someone's existence,
Is switched off as if,
Funnily, I allow it too.

My Canterbury blue has never allotted,
Never given me access to the switch off
So I switch off my sinew and synapses.

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Full throttle I was born into a body
I was born into a body with no room left
I was fighting for space
With an applegiator running as soon as
I saw the face of childhood friends.

I will have beautiful recollections of this moment
Of a train passing by my house in the dawn of…
The dawn of the colder seasons

My way carved by myself
Instead of turning me into an orange mush
A much-needed push of white I brush aside

All the day, as clouds roll their waves
By the seashore at the feet of my vision

All the day inside I stay
Or outside I go to view the snowman
But back indoors you'll find me cold
Like a snowman covered in the blood
Of a lamb

Clouds roll their waves at the feet of my vision
My vision of Canterbury blue

Noxious D'or

I try every day to find something that you lost
Find a friend that you lost
One that I lost

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In hindsight, in 2020
You lost and lost yourself
All the minutes we had to change
All the loss I helped myself achieve
You could have been there

Instead we helped ourselves
While I told myself pain was illusion,
I told myself free will was slavery,
I said to you that to live in the world requires some form of bravery.

When the ballots came in you vanished with a jump dust
And turned yourself into a stumbling block
I lost myself when I was lost in you
In fact I search every day to find your heart
To return it back to its right place

As it stands I try every day to get back something you lost
As the ballots come in, my eyes are heavy and tempest-tossed

Where are you?
Where is the person, the friend that you've lost?
As I stand I trip on a stumbling block
And down goes London Bridge, lemonade and all.

Milk for the Anxious Nations

Another self-sabotage I cannot engage
I am mighty curious, I must say
I will set the stage by saying, I'm improving.

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For whiles and miles
I have brought milk and honey to the masses
My intentions are good
But history doesn't fly
I can bluff as I like
But my body can never comply

I feel as though my creation was errant
But I know that isn't quite true
My intentions are good
I need a guide to show me what to do.

Those that he asks will ignore or comply
Someday the man may his luck try

But stuck here is he with empty basket and bottles dry
The nations weep and cry
I want to be there to witness the birth
The new creations that he created by
The spur in one's step, to be beautiful, to be kept.

Much like the rules I break and leave aside.
I provide none, as my fullness is empty
To be like her is a point of often frenzied envy.

No Kie (On the Path to Everything)

Shared memories over a drink
Reliving the past one step at a time
Finding a soul
And finding my soul, which I had lost.

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Prove my worth and prove my dignity.
All over the pillow I wish for health.
To dig one's own grave seems good,
Only good until you want to keep trying.

Sharing memories I forgot that I had
Reliving the past for one day in a lifetime
Holding a soul
A soul which I do not know the future of.

Keeping presentability at all times
Revisiting the things I had lost to time
And swift as it comes, my friend,
You may as well have been eaten by time.

Very Similar by the Simple Packaging

In you I find another me
I don't have to look very long
I find the rough in the diamond humanity.
But I find you, shining in recent memories.

Underneath this fantasy world
Where promises don't mean anything
Greetings pre-written hours in advance
The beauty of it all is clear to me.

Tomorrow I am lost in the pace of order
The pace of order giving structure to our macabre beauty.
Tonight I am safe in the arms of a different,
Impregnable self force of will

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How can I believe…
How can *I* believe?
We made pyramids
We grew plants for beauty,
Beauty with excess water.
The pure essence of wealth.
We have been to the moon.

How can I believe then,
That this body holding me is alone?
My beautiful heart is here for the fallen
Wandering souls waiting for drink
In the sandy waves of Egypt

Always Resentable in All Situations (The Cutest Ways to Disobey the Holy Orders)

You know the congregation has been well fed
That's the theme of your struggles

The theme of my struggles,
The HSA,
What turns a man into a man
The "human services agency".

I wish to attend
When two people can be wed
Not to cast blame or doubt
But have a metal cap on my head

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Always between
Always between
I won't let a bad soul keep me from salvation
And the only logical step is to give in to temptation

On the phone is somebody
I haven't spoke with in years

I hate to be a shill -
I did not mean to burst like
Like my holy-ordered soul did -
For the unseen forces at will.
For you'd catch me alive and well
To cry that I give no care to the man who upholds our sky.

"It's so strange, knowing the person you love the most,
Knowing that they will reap eternal suffering
Because of your actions."
We think together, our hands unshattered.

Our path together we walk alone
Like a subsurface connection we cannot
Bear to have shown; Roger.
But all I seem to do in these times
Is lose ground with my friends
And keep my enemies closer.
I sure used to be a conflict-dodger.

I cry a heart-shaped avalanche
To strike the travelers on their path to the Underworld.
I will die to my sins.
I will die knowing the cutest ways
To disobey the holy orders.

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3 Yojimthredd Thirth

I don't quite know if this way of life is for me.
What's one to do when you feel at fault
You know you're at fault
But you're told it's not your responsibility?

My best friend turned into a donkey,
I watched his hands morph into hooves.
I still have his email,
I still have his social media.
I watch my strings pull me back up
To the blinding stage lights

I trusted you and put my soul at risk
Every strange night I feel a creeping sense
I don't trust myself with best intentions for my conscience.

When I lie awake in my shelter unsafe,
I move around space in a sort of helter-skelter strafe.

I think I'm rather tired of this whole thing.
What am I? And who am I?
I can't possibly believe that I belong here
I was there with you physically today.

So I suppose I must envision myself
Sitting on my own,
Bouncing a small rubber ball against the wall

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Learning to keep my hands off myself
In a way that feels not so natural at all.

Keeping the peace within my own heart and body
One with the soul that is buried in flames.

Normal Person in Normal Circumstance

Counting down the days in my head
When I have to break my covenant with someone
You'll find me awake and unable to sleep
Begging the sour release mechanisms

I would in theory put cuts on myself
Just to starve the Emreggad inside
But I go against my covenant
To never modify one's own body

So I will lay here as my moonlight is torched
Wishing for problems that don't exist anymore
Sleeping on the floor, on the ground, even
All I ask for these days is something to believe in

I will feel sickly in my stomach before the dawn arrives
I race none,
I simply wait and pace my life pondering
Pondering the welding of husbands and wives.

Busted and blue when the day arrives
You'll find me.
When my phantom limb finally subsides,

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Well, I feel social suicides sometimes.

If only I could be a person, unbattered by bludgeon and hammer.
In the middle of the night I stumble and stammer.
To be as an initiated being,
To be ironclad, even still,

I would graciously give up my body's tumor
If I wasn't attached to it so.

Dark One

Since weeks feel like months
I suppose I might mark one
Instead as I stand with steamer in hand,
I figure I'd write a dark one.

What do I presume?
I watch my soul sold to the solace below,
Assuming these ads in my head are honest,
Assuming that my lostness is set in stone.

Since all I think is to take my life,
For I have done many horrible things
In light or dark,
I assume that I wasn't knit tight enough
For now I know I was given to temptation at cradle.

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I wish only to make my life more terrible to live in,
I cannot bear to make my sorrow better.
I have made the lives of others similar,
It appears I'm a bad man held safe by my church.
Bad man has made the world a poorer place

So in this dark one I outline a plan to,
Perchance, a way that you'll never see my face.
I'll do what my bones tell me to do
I'll free the shackles inside of me.

"So the next time you see the needle
Or boiling water still,
Or sharpened blade or forget your personal wills,

You'll know what to do,
Free the shackles within"

And so to a demon I'll hold out my hand
Leaving myself to experience whatever pain
I deserve to have, for being born as such a worm.

Spilling my guts in several different ways
Hopefully away somewhere where nobody will ever find me

And then

In a flash of light I am reborn:
A smiling little fruit
Between a familiar man and woman
From the body of the one I can never love,
Finally in the midst of a loving family

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Dumb like a doe,
Enamored by the clasp of my hand to theirs
My formerly bleeding heart is patched anew
And I am one's pride and joy again.

I used people, he used people, we all used people
Many months ago.
And in love he came with hearts intertwined
The beauty of the earth built me with perfect body

I lie on the floor, tinted with crimson
I lie in their arms, tinted with love
Mother and father, here on earth.
A dark one I have written to the shining world of doves.

Spirit of Mint

When I felt uncared by pain
Or pleasure, just the same

Lacking the flash, the light in life.
Drowning in pain or gain,
There is nothing to note in either way,
Carved my way by the shadow with me ever.

And in my self shadow I greet the flash
With the same screwdriver I used,
That I drove through my head
I wake up and step out
Into the darkness where I find my flash.

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In this area,
The Christmas Ghost of things to come
Greeted me to the loud table where I now dine.
This flash of friends I make ever mine,
In a world that walks half a step at a time,

I find a hand on this arm of mine.
I find more difficulty believing in myself all the time.

Even still I let this moment of divine
"We love him"
Glasses empty of unpronounceable wine.

When offered I enjoy what I can call truly mine
A part of a family with a foreign tint
Turning this cold shadow consuming me from behind
Into a new, refreshing, spirit of mint.

Best Friends Make the Best Po-

Best friends make for the best pieces
Of pie in one's life
Best friends are made to promote your welfare
Protect your hide
Keep the patterns in your mind well.

Best friends make the best enemies sometime
Sometime you'd rather wish them peace unto.
Best friends are the best people
The closest folks
To connect
Be a pal.

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They make the best potatoes
On Thanksgiving heavy gravy day
Pulled pork and posh delicacies
Porridge and pineapple and
All packaged and frozen
Food-like objects in a cool storage facility

Like a peaceful place to rest your head…
Your friends will be there

Your best friends will be there

So take some quiet photographs
Silent and scient pictures

That you take of your friends
You take your best friends little by little.
Little, by brave new little.

Best friends make for the best poems
And at night best friends make the best po-

"Polonium, atomic number 84"

Birds of Paradise

“Come and gather together,”
The sun said to the skies
And the birds that move therein
“That you may eat and be filled”

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A beautiful revelation
Seeing the flock of sand,
The birds of,
Hm,
Birds of paradise.

After one thousand years of being bound
Here I am realizing how selfish I've become
Remembering a time,
No, I don't remember a time,

I was
Imagining a fantasy time when
I wasn't trapped like frogs coming out of the dragon's mouth.

So the sparrows and ravens
Budgies and pelicans:
Birds will fly by instinct
Without being told how or why
And I count them all:
Yi, er, san,
As it goes.

A bountiful noise
Like leaflets thrown scanter across the midday tempest
All whipping up as the God of the hurricanes bids them by,
The four winds sweep up our pages, by wings they fly.

Through the slits of my creation the howling stream is kept.
By our small bodies and eyes like beads,
To the air we go, we live and greet
The messenger radiating about the heat of the burning day

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We are eager to indulge
To scoop up prey out of the water below,
What's left of them;
We will be filled and collect neatly
Into the arms of the great and mighty Lord.

Bats of Paradise

“Come and gather together"
I asked beneath the neat, quiet sky,
To walk together,
"That you may eat and be filled"

I said no words to the sky
But continued onwards in
Semi-self-conscious helpful ambition
Her heart hardened by some odd change

And a dangerous, strange difference happened from then.
From then on I was on my own I suppose.

Lunch with Sabrina.
It seemed too odd to have happened
Here at this place where I was some many months ago.

And yet I still let my mind wander between middling quarrels...

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I watch the birds carried by instinct
I watch them drink the sky
That same, wholly blue and gray sky,
When I brought you home,
Feeling the whisp of a beautiful ounce,
A pearly quart of my perfect day I was blessed with.

And don't you taste this drink too?

As I sat sadly in grease I changed my tune
With a memory of wooden trains
To sand until my brain turned to powdered milk
My friend kept it no secret, seeing blisters on my other hand
A friend I will not be able to thank

But such is why you live to give people a chance to take
You are the hero
You are the number twelve in a hundred
You bring rich gifts of anything you'd like.

You are interesting beyond compare
And the bats of paradise I wish to anyone I could see again just to show and share

Something…
And anything…
Like a blue nocturne my meter has been erased.
I write at my own one pace I create.
Life is in my pacemaker inside my heart, in the human race.

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Ravaging beasts we all destroy and create
Day to day
We pave this way by stone or brick
Piece by piece we tick and click
With one another and dead by days we find ourselves,
Depraved and enslaved,
Cornered by the very veins we used
As a method to bring praise and paint waves.

We are done with each other
But that doesn't mean I'll forget any of it.

No Need to Talk So Much

Every man wants to walk through a field of doves
Towards home
Where she is.

You cannot
Because you can't bear to be like those who "walk"

They all want to be a big man
With suitcase stashed by the glovebox
On the way to go through the road

I say that sometimes to get my dreams down,
But I will walk through any field I like,
Doves or not.
My glovebox shall be what I make of it.

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And I will blowback the expected way of life.
Some spirit I have to lay down before the race ends
Some loose ends are fun to pull
So I pull and pull my own mind out

Regardless of where I am when I walk,
I continue on my path to home
For you.

Bullet Anomaly

Never assume the innocence of the individual
In unwavering collective making people ill
But they are perfect when all alone

Even three a crowd or one,
These people speak of things you can't.
It's the way our race is at hand.

Why do I always protect my body
When it's the least "me" my existence can be
No care for protecting my soul
Or spirit
Or mind
But all the care making sure I don't try my favorite candy.

So now do I care what I do to this body?
I cannot say for sure.

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I could've been perfect.
But *you* didn't let me.
What do you do anyway?
What is God?

Bullet Anomaly 2

How can you say you hate something you don't understand?

Well I hate being trapped,
And I hate being confused about reality.
There's a certain dullness present here.
I'm a changed man, unpredictably then.
Looking in the skies for God,
Getting blue in the face,
Still the same mortar sticking in place.

I gave my love up,
And for what,
I gave my life up,
And for what,
My pursuit of happiness,
A well all used up.
How well is it in your soul then.

The final report remains bittersweet.
Why I'm cured I'll never know.
I've been banging my head against the wall for years now
Searching the skyline for another rule.

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Well my axioms have caught up to me.
What is all that's left when I've left on my own path?
Remnants of a life I thought I was forced to live,
Red lines in the sand that kept me from a hand in mine.

No One Cares if I'm Divine

Meaning in the life
In the life of unknowns
Meaning in a life without
There is no life without theory of divine
Just heresy and opinion
And solemn passing offs
Time after time.

Can a cell split and make law?
Can something come from nothing?
Is there synthetic life in this world of unknowns?
In God's image, the image of divine.

If we are but cell and law
This world is not really for me
So I flee
Paying no patronage to a world of imperfect unknowns.

Therefore, if there is a God
There's yet a reason why I should keep alive.
And people still don't care if I'm divine.
But if I wasn't, I'd just be like all of you,
Happy in chaos, in perfect unknown,
Life's just a choice after all.

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Horrid Disease

Some sweet-smelling fashionable
Or fascist aroma
I take to mind and redraw the memories
Which I have been left with over time.

Now knowing why I should live in pain,
I wager my life and freedom,
Cocking bullet-loaded arms in my theories
Leaving the law to break,
Giving such tasks to others.

In a child's mind there's no concept of preservation,
And I spill all that I know,
Braving my mind to the fireplace lighted bright
Uncaring throughout daytime or night.

Here's how I managed to ruin
Every stretch of memories in my life.

For once I might want to stop and pray
Get rid of the things that keep me falling
Away, stopped calling the one who can serve me to personal
Freedom.

A life full of unending joy,
Faces crushed by the sky when it falls down:
Consequences of not feeding the flowers,
I am guilty, I am wholly so.

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All in all I am happy yet unfulfilled.
Disobedient, hopeful, needing change.

Life always really seemed so strange to me.
Like how is it possible to do moral ill?
What free will could compare to the intentful prosperity of the workday?

Feeling lost in one's own bubble of sweet butter battery acid clothing
Self loathing occurs when I meet other people who remind me to think.

From this day I ask how I can possibly do what I should?
There is such impurity.
There is so little time to do what I can.

Instead of giving up, becoming impenetrable,
Instead of relapse, a recollection.

What good can be done while I roam so shrouded in fog?
Shrouded in a need or urge to understand my wrongs.
To improve and make amends in ways that I can
The world deals me nothing like a better hand
Sufficed to say I need to take the long walk back
The first most important thing is to put down my shovel
And take up a cross of some kind at all.

Biome of the North

Dr. Robot,
I recall being a girl
For many months out of the year
I talk with people close to my age
And my age with mind punctured.

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I mock up stories of my path east to the land
Of Las Vegas.
But along the way I found a friend while living my simple life.
I turned out flawed, very flawed in fact.

Along my path I felt the wrath of nurture burning,
Within my body I felt it.
As I went on nervous and whining like my breaks,
I felt my heart collapse under the wheels.

With heater on full,
My heart blazing from cold midday air
I make a choice to return to the ghost within me
And I go to the biome of the north

I tell my computer friend all this,
That I arrived with cloth in hand
Seeking a way to get someone with me
Having gained the advantage of preparedness.
On the hill I bloom and they all know my name.
But you don't.

I choose to give your life meaning
As I let you stay close with me
In the back of the cab,
Trees buzzing by like butter on a lobster.
Confused, buttery stillness.

I am who I am
But I say who I want to be.
On my way to Douglas,
Leaving chips of my shield to be scattered underfoot.

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Like the Peels of a Burning Bible Page

Clinging to manhood,
Clinging to the few breaths I have left.
Never a question of “Can I?”
But always a question of “Will I?”
Clinging to some kind of hopelessness,
Uselessness I ascribe to.
Why am I alive
And nobody will let me work
What is there yet to be fine about?
Clinging to hopes of more tomorrows before the incoming revelation
Initiation.
In the minds of some there are divets, potholes.
Invasion
Invasive species I raise and let loose.
The food of mother goose eaten
By aphids.

Clinging to self worth
The little that I know.
Clinging to my consistently unreliable actions
To save me
Hoping that the lost has water to spare.
Hoping that air will stay clean for years.

Hoping my head off
Clinging to my friends
To waste,
Every day that I waste,
And I tell myself that self control is too difficult

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I've lost myself
Hoping the lost has water to spare.

February 13

It's today again
It's quite time to find out what to say
I'm not really with nobody at the moment

I write in a conversational voice
Holidays lack the spice they had before
Being locked up for years.

And so does conversational voice
To apologize to people I've hurt
My heart, I have made many a poor choice.

In a day, every day my life pulls me into a stir.
Whirl and whir as I may be, I can never retreat

There is nobody worth calling my own
As time goes down to it,
Only watching clocks turn as my metaphorical lifetime drips dry

Life being a choice, I lack the will to live one
Where half of it is drowned by self catastrophe
And I lack the will to care about fire or brimstone
When it rains it will pour I suppose.

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There's not much I can say I care about.
All because I let my body betray my soul
Away I go when I get hammered, plastered against the wall.

Deserving of death, starving my soul of water
Here I am
Making the low in spirit a down trodder.

Fortify my spirit somehow and someway.
I believe that the world was created at some point.
I believe that my past will matter a lot to me as time goes.

If I can be lifted up I would be like a rainbow
Hoisted and confidently-shaped.
Confiding in the dark dogs inside me
Keeping a foot cleanly on half of the break.

February 13 (Bonus Hours)

I changed my wallpaper
It's terrible,
I tempt myself by turning my head back to position

Everyone
And I mean everyone
Off getting their life done
Publishing books
Secure and stable life
Suburban living
So short of the fuse am I.

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I don't worry about anything
Because I don't care about anything
Everything is meaningful as I apply it meaning
Or if I get lucky by my nuclei.

It's enough to make a man sick
And I sure hope I can shake off these feelings
Of misdirection, hopelessly ghosting.

I deny it access to me
But I'm not the only entity that moves me.

I shear sheep for a living and I don't let it bug me.
It all means nothing, give it up so lovely.
It all means nothing, in faith or in method.
Stupid things to say as a child
Leaving you with half the family you once had.

Casually doing worse than everyone I know,
How so?
I graduate, led, accomplished
Well the few gets fewer.
Into my net of net negative.

This is life, society, mankind, adaptation.
And I hate it.
Here's to two more years.

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Drift and Change

I engage and move to C7
One step forward and eleven steps backwards
Away from heaven's gates, towards the seven sages
Of Hevendor
I replace myself always day by day
I drift and change into a drifter without change
New skills and new issues
A different part of the world
I don't care and you don't care
Drift and change
A time to drift, a time to change
Opening a rift, I enlarge my brain via concussion
As I drink from the Styx I swallow and swallow
Until I am plundered in a different part of the world.
I begin to stop feeling dizzy
Waiting for the time I can drift back and change
Meanwhile,
I am going to listen to Drift and change
In the hope that I can make a change and no longer drift.

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Ninth and Six Oh

I find it hard to say that this is really me anymore
Vaping
From the cab of the car
Sat on by music thrust upon me

Ninth and six oh
I make it home
This is me?

I get shot down
Blundered
I get down
I wonder
Tonight is such a good night for self hatred
But I'm just stuck
Is there enough in my pockets
Is there a brain left to live off
Is it all for naught
One day at a time

Vaping the wheels off this thing.
Only thing as carefree
Is my head spiraling down the highway
I'm twisted, lost, needing direction

I'm alone in a house of many.
I'm sure as day comes to day many
Things will change and people will eat
So they don't slauncher when talking to me

I drift away
And I stay adrifted
Your dog loves me more than I do.
And so I say again, here's to two more years.

Life isn't really much a storybook
Just a collection of days as of now
I take my time to piece it all together
Peeling my eyes off the window
Vaping my eyes sore for my siblings

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Past and Present Version Alternatives

These are the faces.
I see my reflection,
Images of me, a people alike
And different yet

From happy
To dynamite
Explosions and outbursts of anger
Friendly and averse to pain
To confused
Alone in my room
Fighting the body outside of me
And later wishing my body goodbye
Then laying importance on knowledge
And finding later joy in the pursuit
Of friendships despite trial and circumstance
And then away in a tower once again I was.
Letting myself go to lengths unmeasured by Richter or Kelvin
Here I lie
With nothing in life holding much value as an ant to me
Direction and self control fleeing
Those are my faces.

To listen to one's own self
Pure bliss to some
If there's anything I hear nowadays

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If I were my religion, I'd be useful and strong
Resolute against the world and keeping in step
Never faltering and lifting others up
If I were my body, I'd have features to provide for you
Loving, motherly, involuntary affection all through it.
Letting myself drown days into weeks into life.
If I were my brain, I'd be sharp and uncaring for emotions
Those which keep me from computing without ceasing,
Endless knowledge and endless work for the good of all.
If I were my soul, I'd caress yours in my arms and bless your existence
Touching your existence and finding beauty in all of it,
Bringing peace and asking outcasts to fly in the wind alongside.

I'm not any of those things much anymore.
A mixture of different extremes,
Coming together to form a test dummy, belted up,
Passenger's side.
I'm a dummy for thinking I am only one.

Your Soul Looks Like It's From the Colorado

Singing on the corner of golden state and main
Life swirling down the drain
Pouring concrete out of our mouths to keep change
Rustling our change,
Jostling a bucket.

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I stoop low to pick up your soul
Cold and weary
The weather is often harsh
My soul looks back with eyes longing and lonely
Where are you
Alone in the body that traps you

I put you back down in the canal
Dirty and drifting
Water with oily spirit above hovering
I sleep in peace, my hands becoming your head coverings.
I float off in peace, down the canal, the Colorado.
Dirty and oily and fizzling out of my displacement,
Cold, vulnerable, down the Colorado.

Elegant~

Like the nature of the common Zebub,
Common Tsetse,
I taste onion and onion tastes me
My eyes blinded by the jeans around my head.

I'm elegant
In a city bus
I'm elegant

Holding my loaded earth in hand as I stand
Atop this blue and spinning gun.
Loaded, round guitar

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I imagine people in the world are better on the inside
I can't hear anything people say to me
Man cannot pledge dual allegiance.

I elegantly accept my emotional discharge
In the garage,
Surrounded by Zebub,
Twirling hither and thither

Following the bullet through the roof
To the sky
Landing upon a blue gun
Coming back around as I stand
Surrounded
By the elegant Tsetse.

Views Out the Window

The milky whiteness against obsidian curtain
Or seashell moon perched high in the wave of purple black.
As I find these metaphors useful,
I wonder in my mind about myself

Winged secret flame by stooping starlight,
I ask myself why I care so much for life
And very little for death.
After all in the world there is much of either.

Death is inevitable, a welcome curtain to close
On our lives as our soul and body separate.
Life is a burdensome kink in a hose,
Unnecessary to bloom one's own family.

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To me this milky white life we appear
It's all in my head because,
Well why should it be?

The Impossible Kid

Blinds, he shudders,
I wish I could blink my eyes
Forgetting all things I heard and done
Blanketing a world with dust and decay

Whether trees or theists,
Burning from a bush set alight:
Good times make weak men,
Hard times urge you to survive.

I can't count backwards
Far back as holiday season
I wish I knew how to comfort a man within reason
It got here so fast
Weak man and strong man, I'm on the edge of a dime.
Where do I land today?

I listen to inspirational speakers talking fast
When I fall on my back I get up
Back up to begging for money in a cup
A coffee cup, I grind luxury beans
Until my body decides I've had too many nice things.

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Anchor Whip

Today I ran over a stick with leaves
On my board,
I liked the noise it made
Sounded like the 4th of July.
That's fine.
It got stuck somewhere between the wheels
Firecracker sounds months before sparks fly.

Then like today I had this random thought
About another poem I'd write
Like imagine if you had a whip
Or a chain, it doesn't matter that much,
And on the end was an anchor:
Anchor whip.

How would you even control that?
It would have to weigh several hundred pounds.

And so I figured it would make a good title
Here we are.

After a while I thought an alternate meaning
Maybe someone envisions a car with faulty brakes:
Anchor whip.

Such a vehicle would need an anchor to stop
Which puts strain on those who do the driving
But you would be the most noticed on the roadway
Say nothing of the rims.
In my head at least, I figure it's a sleek black car.

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And later I figured it sounded alike something else
Angkor Wat.
Like in east Asia, I forget the country
But I could easily look it up.

Oh it’s Cambodia right?

Anyway, an anchor whip sounds like a cool idea.
I’ve got time, it’s Friday, no burdens, lots of time.

Transforming Living Matter

You
Can change me.
You want to change me?
Then change me then.

I feel drowned.
I strapped myself in iron boots
And tried to walk along the shoreline with you.
Sand at the heels, I tried to repeat my stride.
Instead I walked out to sea
Only to be seen as bubbles appearing
Less and less frequently
Further into the ocean.

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You saw me go off wandering
Into the place where you cannot go.
And now here I am, I'm juiced,
Cold and yellowed, acidic,
And unpleasantly sour.
I'm refreshing lemonade by name and not willpower.

Licking the footprints in the sand
Trying to find someone who remembers.
Neither body, soul, mind, or moral
Unwinds the twine I got tangled up in.

All that I believe is wrong
Because it is unpopular
For the current time being
I am *that* man.
I do not bother with things that are important.

I hold to nothing,
In the past because I knew the fleeting part of life
In present because I have held too tightly; I am tired.

Pick a god and file your paperwork.
All we are is transforming living matter.
Change comes quick and harsh
Like an arrow through a harp.

I love you,
I love me,
I love everything and nothing.

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Life is still fleeting,
Hence why all things alive transform.
Help me unwrap my upbringing
So I can become belonging, finally,
To something flawed but tangible.

Scary Red Aquarium

Going to the depths
As labeled by John
Without the hand of someone
Equally morally wrong.
Starved of money.
Victim at hand with potential for less
I confess
To people who don't care about me
I make the choice to tear the world out of me.
If that isn't something.
Jostled door handle
I don't wanna hear the footsteps outside
I just wanna be a fish
In a scary red aquarium

Cross Hairz

I cross roads and paths
I'm at an impasse
All I've wanted is nights like these
Maybe life isn't so bad when you don't sleep with flesh-eating fleas.

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My sights are just set on whatever the next day holds
Recovering from church, I
Hold to something definite,
Something defined
There is nothing to hold
But I can hold tight to the next day.

Even the things that cannot be here
I endure through its wreckage
To discover
All I wanted in life
Is nothing and average and much.

So that's why I feel like I lose touch,
Off beat and off dreaming for things I can't have
Or won't let myself have.
Is there a reason to follow rules anymore?
I feel like there is.
But sometimes man,
It just doesn't feel like there's anything out there.

I'm still trying to figure if it's important that divine word matters.
I fundamentally question, fragment.

My view of the world will never change from
Quietly disappointed.
Others will understandably like their life
And so do I,

But the nature of humanity
And the matters of right and wrong
Are all scattered about.
For the time being.

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I would hope that there's
A reason to have tomorrow in the hairs of my cross.

Decent Fellow, I Hate to Kill You

I learned more today than many days out before
From someone across the globe
Teaching me the true manner of life
Getting to the bottom of one's purpose

You hate me
But I couldn't hate you
Even when I'm down
But as of now
I'm halfway stuck between a lean and milking cows

I'm stuck in the center
Like white creme in a dark cookie
The happiest person to consider suicide
I am I, I am I.

To adapt
To know I have more to go
Tired the whole day
I know I lose, so I adapt and change timing

And in the morning I learn
That the people I miss the most
Are alone battling that kind of self division

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Doing what I love
In a time where I am learning what to love
Hearing from a Saudi how life can be meaningless
Life is between the waves for me.

I have learned more today
Than I have in years
Whoever rules the world
By tears or fears
There are many parts of the planet.

Am I upset? Possibly.
Am I confused? Maybe.
I am also more prepared.
More prepared for certainty.

Creationism Director

This is kind of important
I speak, falling asleep.
Slurred speech and vision
Unable to pay attention when I need to.

All is lost for me in vain
Everything is permanently useless
I have worried for far too many years
So far I'm vainly living life in monocolor

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And while I'm at it
I live my life without thinking of important things
I forgotten the responsibilities I have
I write poems like how I read life
My words are just flowing like meat from a meat grinder

Churning, churching meat.

Do something about life
Or just shut up
It's what I always say.

I criticize quietly, showering little
"Are they lies?" off my lips when I wait
For my livid eyes to take me back home
Baby back home of the soul
Where I need help still
Where I don't ask for help.

Dying to take advice from nobody
I've just worried too much from life already
I'm all out of cares to give
Tenderly Jesus cracks me in the ribs.

I don't care, when should I care?
When I'm on my back taking orders
From a man with a fiery eye stare?

Vainly living life
Sinning for gold, digging for girls
I simply work the audio
I love the church for the work
I live like a sailor.

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I want to change, I intend to say
I don't really care as long as my secrets are safe
I'm going to hell, all hell breaking loose ninth inning phase
I don't care, why should I care?

In the beginning I had high praise
For keeping me alive and away from
My thoughts of self demolition
I don't care, I'm only upset I lose the opportunity to self demolish.

The lake of fire is my second death.
And why should I care?
I've used my mind too much so far in younger year.

Bill and Hank and Jim
And all the people I know
Telling me not to give in

Until I can get some sleep
Why should I care about my religion
Or if I'm played for fools either way
Until I get work done
My life is more vain than the life in my veins
I do what I like
I get hurt and cry
Incapable of asking things to myself
I've taken no trash from my life

One day I'll probably slip on some ice and die
And feel no different except to wish I had answers before.

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Artillery Grounded in the Meta

Nothing really has any ground in reality
I'm supposed to bear the weight
Understanding the world
On top of my shoulders

And I'm responsible to explain this world
That I don't understand
Pretending we all can make sense of it
Just because it's familiar.

I'm supposed to save myself
In the sensory heavy track
Some nights I wish I'd just fall apart
With birth and death closing hands together as one

Holding onto nothing,
I anticipated I'd have been freed
Holding onto something,
I was stuck with no sense of freedom

I do the things I have to do
Braindead when I rest late
Caffeine may just save me from hell
But I still I feel no desire to play the games down here.

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I can't make sense of it
How could I?
Family, moving parts of the world,
Drugs and grasslands.
How can you take anything out of it
That isn't a part of another vast anything?

Putting in nothing that I get out.
I want life to be earned.
Or I want life to be free from harm
All I know is the life before death.
In human terms I am fully lost.

Either on a bus or walking alone
Nothing makes sense between heaven and hell
Society is too well dressed and full-coated,
Making me want to shake the beetle in the mason jar.
I wade on through slush of all, this.

Even two digits to a temple can't help you know
What it feels to touch.
And there you go,
Off touching between heaven and hell.

The Seasonal Hmm

Hmm,
Seasoned with some thoughts I used to know.
Ever since you got such shiny metal
I find myself whiling away days
Contemplating a date to extrapolate
My inner matter across a dinner plate.

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I just get it seasonally.
When I feel threatened
Covering up within a shell,
Hearing that my schedule is empty
As nose to my smell.

Feeling lost
Hopeless and confused,
With nothing to hold and have
But secrets, tattered point of views.

God making the man so man can make
Great statues of the man.
I know man by seeing statues.
But I do not know God.

Worrying myself about the depth in surface.
Tilling away concrete until I drill thru.

The seasonal hmm.
Alongside a seasonal whirr.
Of best and worst of times
Of worlds brave and new,

Finding worth within a box of shoes
Pretending I can *feel* the earth beneath.
Wondering if I can hold onto an email
To breathe into something solid and whole

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Instead my breath goes up,
Through my nose as I puff out
Prayers I hope to hose
Up to the sky and make rain all pour down.
And I complain the lack of rain
In a country bound lacking the span of the Seine.

I want to know who I am for the rest of my life.
I want to know what I am for the rest of my life.
I tire wondering how problems and issues
Flex their caulk within the room I have left.

Someday I'll be a man thinking
Of a room I have left
Sitting in ruin or lumine
There's too much stimuli to keep my head from juicing.

I Threw Clothing Fireballs

Believe to be better than who I was
And stained as I was, I am.
When I am done

Yeah,
"Done"

I pick it up and chuck it
With the force I'd use to avoid it
How ironic am I,
But I push with no effort forward.

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I don't think I'm cut out for this,
I've done enough worrying so far, after all
In that regard I see myself never change
Never change to be taken advantage of.

No impact
I throw them.
I'm throwing my life in that basket.

Bloody Money

You'll pay for that!
I pay for my phone,
Student loan.

Pebble and stones,
I feel pestered, pattered.

I take a break
From cascading floes
I'm morose and with legs half closed,
Here I am, dreaming.

I'm sorry for being psychotic,
I hope you can excuse me
The errors of my ways
Here's approximately eight k
To put away your malaise.

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End of the boon,
I've become fuel to the fire of toil
End of the boon,
Just shut the door to your room.

Here I go again
Who wants to hear my story?
Let me tell you of rebirth for no explicable reason.

Skipping past poor decisions numbered prior
Into the smooth fabric of my desires

And well,
Nobody's home so I'll grab the iron
Show my face to the cast camera,
Clean the ceiling.

In the midst of it all
Living in bliss, telephone on wall,
In hand, with shocked status
Wondering where I am beyond the pale
Hand-operated apparatus

Beyond pale am I,
A pail of bonds and gleam in eye,
A gift to give the ones I don't love?
And still show the snow on my lip
On Sunday morning

To have an arm resembling
The barber insignia

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It will never happen
I wish I'd shot the thoughts in my head at young age
Ball of hydrogen and blind love of the world
A disgusting little fruit, I was, disgusted

So here it is
Buy a nice fridge
While I go and paint a self portrait
In the same city as you.

Polygamous Fossil

A life revolved around death
As polygamous as the wind
I'm just a hater throwing hate in the wind
I just can't, I can't.

It's some use. There is a benefit.
Someday when I count my regrets
I'll finally declare I'm finished.

One day when my crosses are burned,
One day when the wind pulls the same strait,
I'll pull myself up from laying down and walk.

I am as polygamous as the wind
As sputtering as molten glass
I just want to be done and over
Finished with no choice
To be alone and under
Under the night invoice

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But I am extremely late.
I'm eating graham crackers on the floor
Wobbling about like a dizzy klutz
Chopping off, out, I'm fully nuts.

Wobbling side to side like a wagon wheel:
Silent thud to turn over.
Dust cloud.

I sure miss the familiar scents
Denial, indulgence, the sweet perfume of my death.

Missing the Link

I feel so unquestionably wrong.
Why do I have dreams of
Unspeakable, unholy things?

I know how come
It's cause I keep things hidden
In the day to day
That's what I'm told.

Some days I wish that I would be gone away.
Because of the things I see.

Barrel on the head of the innocent.
I talk nightmares, not dreams.
I don't know how to say what I mean
Make a loaf of bread out of anything?
I just want to stop making bullets.

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I need help
Can I just soak in ramen and get a job?
Like all the other people out there,
Concerters, traveling, shopping in the mob.

But no.
I'm stuck in the most suburbs possible
I love it here, but I wish I had something stable to hold.

I'm most worried about the potential
The potential burden I have to carry my load with.

Potential Burden

Dear God,
Oh Son of Man.

Giant splotchy cross or skeleton bone head
All over the west coast.

Dear God

But bad things can happen to anyone
What great man has the power over his own mortality?
What great man can keep flowers from
Being stepped on underfoot?

No man
Only Man, the Son can.
Leading a son to lead sometimes
In ways previously seen as unplanned.

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So what man then?
And what a man have I become meanwhile.

Kitchen tile, and aroma of sulfur
Time after time I confront something putrid: A future.

When I'm lost and alone
Feeling alone in the human *Scheibe*.
I can't.

I wonder when God will accept the spirits of those near to me.

It makes me wonder.

And it rips my life away.

Anyway
I know there's nothing sure as it in this world
Neither doughnut, career, fossil fuel, ear,
Tribe, food source, entertainment,
Comfort, fly, cherry pies, mold,
Or any sort of human life.

All that you see,
You will have to let go.
God knows there is nothing that will stay.
No surefire way to tell tomorrow will be another bland day
You best pick your God and pray it is.
You'll have to let go of it all someday.

Dear God
Not today.

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Dreams That Crawl Out of Me

What's bothering you?
Me?
Yeah, what's up?
I'm not supposed to say,
Not inclined to tell the story.
But I'm here to help you.
I understand that but I'd rather not,
It's more of a thing that hurts to say.
So don't say.

When will I stop having these dreams?
He comes after me at night.

Truly the race is not to the swift.
Otherwise I'd be off somewhere getting ready
To give my life to some troubled soul.
The battle is not to the strong.

Your wife is dying of misery?
Well then she's been given what she's promised.
I can assure you that life is not yours to expect.
Leave the expecting for what you already have.
And lose the expecting for what you cannot control,
Which is, in a word, most.

Have your carrot while you can.
The stick comes, when you cannot know for sure.
But if you put your hands in places eternal,
The conflict has an ending in your favor.

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On Stable Ground Where Spiders Roam

On stable ground where spiders roam,
No place to call their home,
No fistful of flies to delight in,
Or web to use for spinning.

I lay in stability where spiders roam
Meeting their plight anchored to my abdomen.

On stable ground where spiders roam
I can be glad they find a fitful partner
Who am I to know or care,
It's all just life and death to them.

On stable grounds
I see my friend the fly try so hard
To stick a landing on something stable
Without a trap or web that entangles.
Condemned to die by the world full of anti-fly
Feeling hopeless seeing those spiders make their homes
Waving you goodbye from the outside of the cooking pot.

On stable ground spiders roam for socks to slide in,
Make their home in.
And since I've checked out to clean my room,
They make their home in my socks.

I've got no food,
No spider friend to call a second half,
Baggage needing taken care of,
Struggling to pass on something more.

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Merely a Past Figure by Monday Morning

He thinks
Really thinks
I embody a man with a knife around his waist

All I think about
On the daily base
Bodies in place of people
Can I please have a normal day today
Without me following my mind into the open road

Is there anyone yet having faith in me
Anyone with an ounce,
Worth an ounce of energy I have?
Merely an unfaithful servant.

Look
He thinks
I'm just an obedient follower
Of the leader.

I'm just only ever a flower
Owing my petals to every
Cheese grater and meat cleaver.

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Til my palms are wet and tongue is dry,
How much for a roll, I've never had.
Tell friends I'm happy they're glad
Glad as a TV-clad man with digit
Pointed upwards cheek to cheek
Pure white ones showing.

Painting over the walls so that you may sleep again.
Turned on in death; til death do you part my memory
And as such a memory I bludgeon you until you rot.

Just like my crimson blur would want you to.
Step by step
Seeping into those weeping lungs.

How I can do it is beyond my understanding
But I have no control when hope is left without understanding.

By Monday morning.
Just an unmoving clot in your brain.
All I am is a past figure.
Simply an immoving man
With a hatred for reality

Drooling over my martini in a concrete drum filled with my best friend.

Menacing, as a Weed

It has been a begrudgingly long day.
And I need my rest

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The president is off hating,
In present I fake my fading
I'm nothing without my armored plating.

It has been a needlessly long day.
So much that I can't keep my thoughts from corroding
And head from exploding
And in a stable place for coding.

I search for a job
On a needlessly tired day
Slumped in my place.
Like an old sun-smushed creme brulee.

I sing all the time;
I cannot live without thee…

I just would appreciate something consistent.
Truth that's held to objectivity?
I don't mind whatever side of the coin.
Just get me to something unchanging and static.

Dreaming about what happens beyond
The rats and bones in the attic.
Avoiding the world of some haphazard acrobatics,

The source of living joy
Like a flower uprooted me out of
Formerly consistent mathematics
Into a frustratingly long day.

So I turn up as a weed.
Menacing, as a weed.

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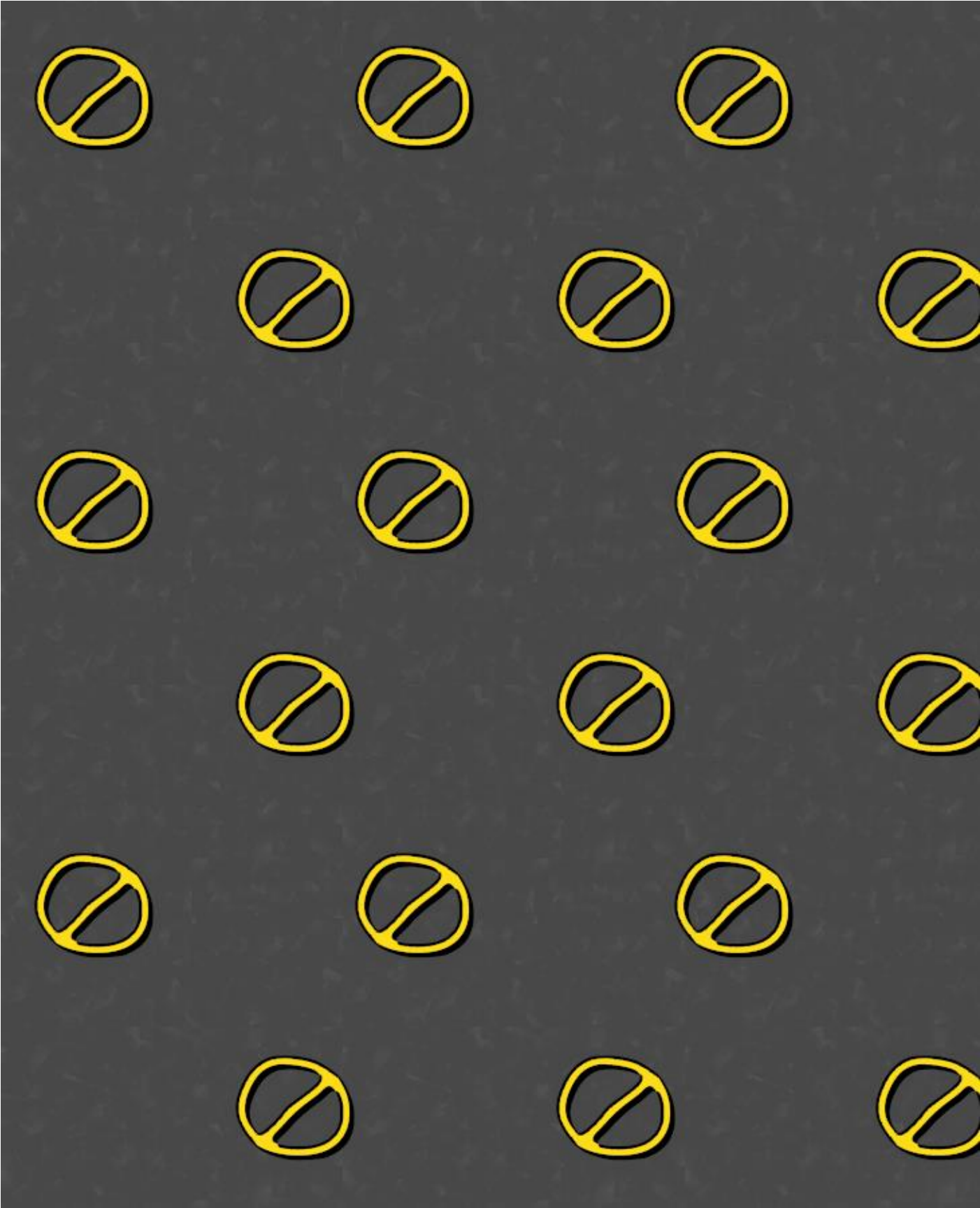

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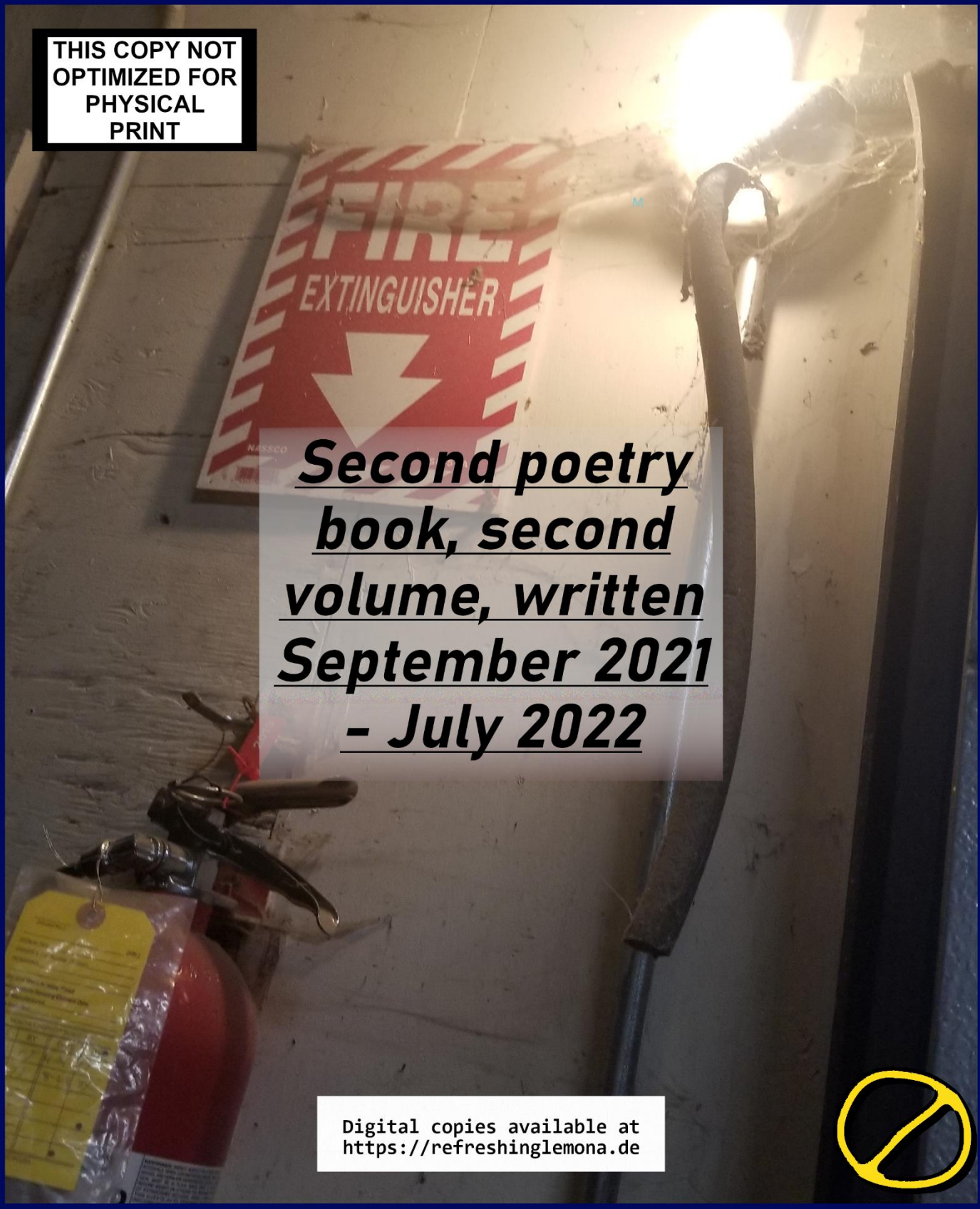

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Digital copies available at
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